

Manitoba

SOUTHWESTERN *Manitoba*





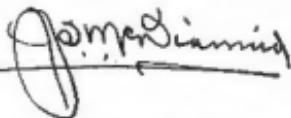


SOUTHWESTERN MANITOBA . . .

Southwestern Manitoba is primarily one of the most important farming areas in the Dominion but this vast region is not famed for its agriculture alone, for here is veritable paradise for the historian, the archeologist, the nature-lover and the tourist.

As a country of vivid contrasts, Southwestern Manitoba has few equals anywhere, and the visitor will find the varying scenery not the least of its delights. One of Canada's most enjoyable highways lies in this area . . . the famed No. 10 . . . often called the "Highroad to adventure". This road takes the traveller from the U.S. border through the International Peace Gardens, through the rolling western farmlands and on into Riding Mountain National Park, which holds a leading place among this country's national parks.

The visitor will find modern cities, country fairs, Indian battlegrounds and serene villages set in picturesque countryside, reminiscent of the old European lands from whence so much of our stock has sprung. In the following pages you will find brief descriptions of some of the many attractions offered by Southwestern Manitoba's holiday playground.



James Diamond

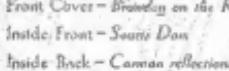
Minister of Industry and Commerce.



Inside Front - Seine River



Inside Back - Canadian reflections



Back Cover - La Riviere Farm

Dear Diary

Sunday

I'd always thought that Manitoba was just another prairie province . . . a flat, treeless, uninteresting land, stretching mile upon mile. But then, I had never been far from city limits, and had yet to visit the country of the Tiger Hills, the rich, rolling expanse of the Turtle Mountains, and to see the towns of Souris, Wawanesa, Killarney, Ninette, Miami, La Riviere and Treherne.

So today I took a journey through some of this country side. I approached the town of Souris from the east by No. 2 Highway. It was early evening but the beginning of a glorious sunset was accostuming on the horizon . . . the clouds were banked in a rather unusual mass formation, deepening gradually from gold to crimson. Standing against the sky in bold silhouette was a plump, squat-shaped barn huddled in the shelter of a large clump of trees. It was all shaping into one of nature's masterpieces. Because of the generous skies and reasonable climate it seems Manitoba is frequently blessed with beautiful sunset scenes.

I heard about the dam at Souris, and leaving the highway for a little trail I arrived at it almost immediately. It was a peaceful scene stretching out and away into the shelter of overhanging elms and maples. The swiftly moving Souris river rounded a curve, flowed quietly through this setting and rushed over the dam, divided at a small broad peninsula, and then swept away into the distance.

It has been said that early evening is the best time for fishing. Certainly this seemed true, for near the dam and along the edge of the river stood solitary fishermen, young and old . . . all silent, serious and intent . . . waiting for that bite. They got it too! There was something about this place that charmed me, invited me to do a spot of fishing myself, to take a swim in the cool clear-looking waters. The evening seemed steeped in beauty and simple contentment, and I found myself lingering . . . falling in love with the little town of Souris.

Monday

This morning I was up early to have a look at Souris from an entirely different angle, and found it just as charming. I took a road leading east toward Carroll. At the bridge I passed for the Souris river presented an attractive view on both sides. To the north a narrow swing foot-bridge spans the river adding a rather unique touch to the town; to the south a valley deep in trees forms a natural parkland. Fairs are held in the open field close by, and here all summer the river is thoroughly enjoyed as the "old swimmin' hole" by the children of the district.

Continuing east, several sights caught my eye . . . A great section of the land being cultivated . . . rich, black loam turned over row after row . . . the tractor looking like a small bright bug creeping along the horizon's rim . . . And farther along the way was a picture any painter would itch to put on canvas. A group of horses, standing close together in that friendly, intimate way they have . . . a light wind blowing their manes and tails with a cloud-tipped sky beyond them.



Beautiful Sunset Scenes...



The Dam at Souris...



The road took a dip and I caught a glimpse of a town beyond . . . Wawanesa, a small neat place perched high on the cliff-like bank of the Souris river. Here, in this wealthy, picturesque farming district, one of the loveliest sights on the Souris is the farm which sprawls over the valley just to the south of the town. A comfortable cluster of buildings with a solid windbreak formed by an L-shaped bluff of trees, and neat grain fields spreading in lush, green smoothness all about. These crowd down to the river's edge, and here and there a gull dips silently over the surface. A dam, part of the water conservancy scheme, lies to the north of the town of Wawanesa and offers the fun of fishing to anyone interested and patient enough.

A cairn near the highway caught my eye. It was erected to commemorate the early trade that went on in this territory. Just north of Wawanesa, fur-trading posts built at least seven lots between the years of 1735 and 1828. These companies were the North-West, Hudson's Bay and XY companies. Here ran the trade route to the Mandan country on the Missouri, and it has been established that David Thompson, trader, explorer and geographer passed and repassed here and may possibly have built a camp in the vicinity for a time in 1797-98. Rivers were the main means of transport in those early days, and the Souris was the scene of considerably more activity than it is today.

Tuesday

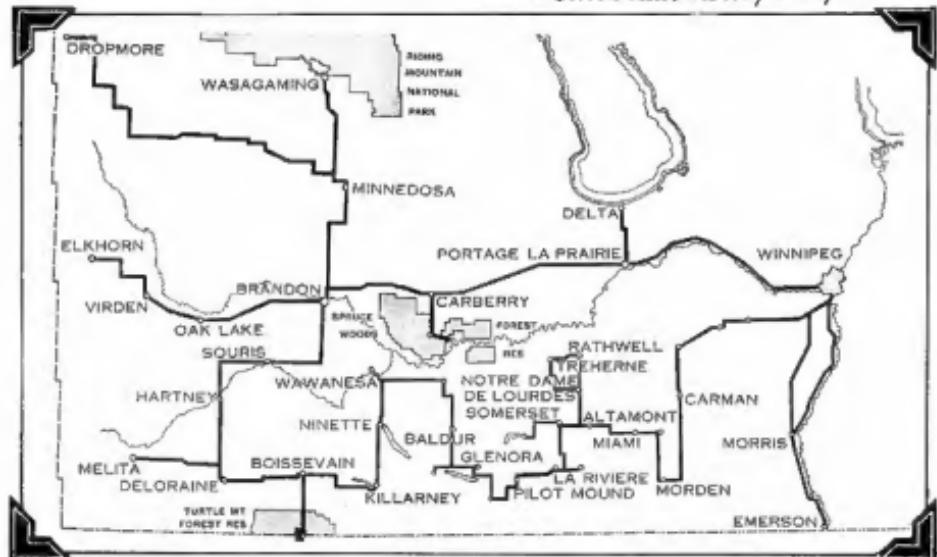
Today I decided to delve into the history of those parts a little. I wondered what it would have been like to have taken a trip through southwestern Manitoba over a century-and-a-half ago. I might have been one of the Hudson's Bay Traders perhaps, and travelled in the popular style of that day . . . via canoe up the Assiniboine until I reached an area just beyond the junction of the Assiniboine and Souris rivers . . . an area where for quite a few years flourished the trading post of Brandon House.



Over the Valley . . .



A Cairn near the Highway . . .



Route through Southwestern Manitoba . . .

And had I then looked across the river to the opposite bank I would have spied several other trading posts there too. However, of these numerous forts, Brandon House Fort "Number One" is the only one of which the slightest trace remains today. Reputed to have been founded in 1793 on the north bank of the Assiniboine by the Hudson's Bay Company, this fort was occupied during the periods 1793-1818 and again in 1821-1824.

The inside of such a post was like a small village in those days. Possibly 20 men with their families lived here the year round. And here trading with the Indians took place. Just outside the camp a couple of acres were usually under cultivation: potatoes, cabbage, a little wheat and barley were grown, while wild turnips and plums flourished in the wood close by. There was plenty of fish in the river too, and the hunting of wild game was good.

I learned that many trading houses and forts of importance in those days were little more than temporary log huts, and the best of them were only a collection of ledges with some stockade for protection. The only stone forts in the whole of the West were the Upper and the Lower Fort Garry, and of these only the Lower Fort remains. So, it isn't any wonder that there is very little more to be found of Brandon House No. 1 but the deep, wide hollow in the ground which served as a cellar for vegetables and other perishables.

A few miles to the west of this area I found some of Manitoba's most fascinating and quirkily-named towns and villages. There is Virden—a little bit of Scotland transposed to Western Canadian soil. Rich in history, scenery and natural resources, the town prides itself on its Highland independence and progressiveness. Then, too, there is Oak Lake, Elkhorn, Pipestone, Bellevue, Nipawin, Melita, Lander, Arrow River, Mountainside, Hamiota, Whitewater, and dozens of other scattered communities in this rich southwestern countryside, all to be seen, all to welcome the visitor.

Wednesday

This colorful land of the Assiniboines and home of the buffalo in those older days still intrigues me today. Here on the broad plains of the Red River valley and the high plateaux west of the Pembina river roamed that monarch of the plains. As late as the middle of the nineteenth century thousands of Red River carts made the annual hustling trek from Old Fort Garry to the Pilot Mound and Turtle Mountain country. Alexander Henry, Jr., romantic Northwest Company fur trader, rode up and down these hunting grounds, and in his journal dated October 13th, 1800, I read: "At one o'clock we stopped at this place and proceeded on foot to the Pembina river traverse, where we allowed our horses another half hour's rest and feed. Here I climbed a high tree, and as far as the eye could reach the plains were covered with buffalo in every direction."

In this region, I learned, great Indian battles had been fought, unrecorded in today's history, yet pregnant in meaning to the economic welfare of the inhabitants of those days. In the far reaches of the upland prairie west of the Pembina river the last stand of the Sioux took place. It is alleged that close to a thousand of them fell in the great battle of Pilot Mound, yet only a few of their opponents, the Metis and the whites, lost their lives in the battle.

Southern Manitoba, sometimes called the "Banana Belt," is a land of rich soils. Lub valleys and fertile plains assure the farmer of a bountiful reward. Here, around prominent hillocks lived a prehistoric people ... the Mound-builders. Remains of their habitation can still be seen near Meeden, Pilot Mound, Rock Lake and Melita.



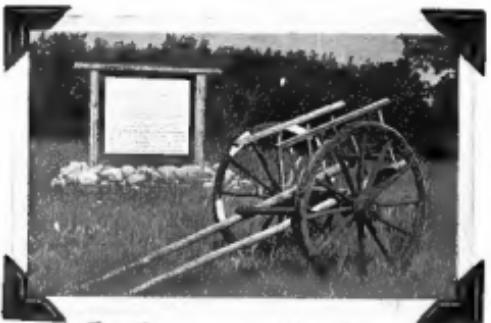
On the way to Brandon House...



Tiger Hills' Country...



"The Banana Belt..."



Settled on a famous old Indian stamping ground, Rock Lake is a very pretty resort, with cottages nestled into the rocky slopes dipping down to the lake shore. After a full day of boating, fishing and swimming you'll find excellent meals and a comfortable bed in the well-kept hotel. Rock Lake, because of its attractive setting and its fishing and boating, is a favorite holiday resort with people from across the border as well as those from towns in the surrounding district.

Fort Pinanscawaywining is another historic site I saw. It's about a mile southwest of the town of Morden, and has been preserved in honor of Alexander Henry. Under his instructions a Northwest Company trading post was built here in 1802, preceding the first fords of regular habitation at the site of Winnipeg by ten years. The translation of the name — Pinanscawaywining — means "on the way to the fort over the creek" — referring possibly to Dead Horse creek.

The Fort is situated in a field overlooking lovely Lake Minnewashta, part of the water conservation scheme in the district, built in the valley a few years ago. Today Lake Minnewashta offers the people of the surrounding towns a great deal of pleasure in fishing and swimming as well as adding to the scenic beauty of the countryside. On a hot day it is one of the most popular spots in the whole country.

Thursday



Today I passed through Killarney, a nice residential town situated on the shores of a pretty lake bearing the same name. A lake of some three miles in length, which affords boating, swimming and fishing and is the popular summer resort of the district. Later I arrived at La Riviere, travelling on highway No. 3 along the undulating scenic Pembina valley, once mighty and swollen by the waters of Western Canada flowing into the ancient blue waters of great Lake Agassiz. La Riviere is a pretty town deep in the Pembina valley and is a popular spot during the winter on the surrounding hills offer plenty of scope to enthusiastic skiers.

If you wish to take a short trip through some lovely rolling countryside typical of the southwestern area of Manitoba, leaving Morden and travelling west you should turn off No. 3 highway at Thornhill, drive north to Mount, west through Attawapiskat, north through the little town of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Rathwell, Treherne and then return south via Souris to La Riviere and No. 3, often referred to as the La Verendrye highway.



Here vast farmlands spread in beautiful patterns as far as the eye can see. I was amazed at the richness and vast expanse of these holdings. What harvests they must offer! The sky above is clear blue with possibly a few stray clouds casting the occasional shadow . . . the woodlands and grain fields blend together in different tones of dark green, with here and there a large stretch of black rich-looking earth, and a nearby cluster of red farm buildings adding colour.

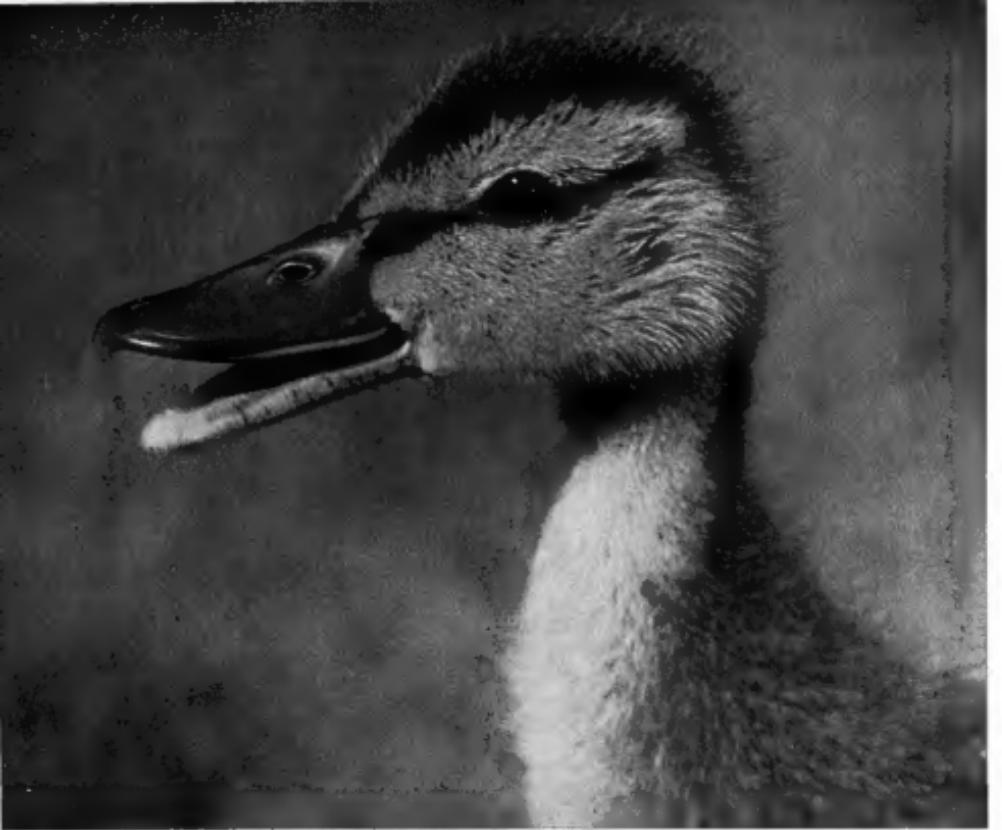
Friday

Today, sadly, is the last day of my trip through Southwestern Manitoba—but there is so much more to tell. Maybe the next few pages will give you some idea of just a few of the things I tried to cram into my memory book.



Dorothy

... and Rock Lake



Photo—William Carrick

DUCKS ALIVE!

OF special interest to visitors of Southwestern Manitoba is one of the continent's most outstanding waterfowl research stations lying tucked away in the Delta marshes a few miles west of Winnipeg.

At all seasons of the year when hunting is the topic of conversation, it is encouraging to know that there is a group of people working for the conservation of migratory birds, particularly waterfowl.

The Delta Research Station, situated in the very southern tip of Lake Manitoba in the Delta marsh belt which spreads over some 36,000 acres, is one of the finest waterfowl breeding places in the world. The place is alive with Mallard, Pintail, Blue-winged Teal, Redhead, Canvasback, Pelicans, gulls, terns and many other smaller birds such as warblers, blackbirds and swallows.

The Delta marshes used to be one of the most exciting hunting grounds in Canada. However, in 1930 the ducks began to decrease very noticeably in this area. Determined to replace duck for duck shot over the marshes, James Ford Bell of Minneapolis built a duck hatchery on his Delta property. He was successful in this aim, and during the next decade more ducks were released over

the marshes than were bagged. Deciding it was time to enlist the aid of science in the fight for wild life conservation, he joined forces with the American Wild Fowl Institute. In 1938 Albert Hochbaum, American ornithologist, along with Peter Ward and Lyle Sowls, were engaged for research purposes at the Delta. Hochbaum has been there ever since, and one of the main reasons for Delta's distinction as a waterfowl research station is due to his keen interest, foresight and knowledge of waterfowl management.

Ducks of various species are bred in the hatchery in order that visiting observers or biologists may use them for research, and some very interesting experiments covering every conceivable phase of migratory bird life take place.

There is, for instance, the experiment of the feeding of lead pellets to ducklings. Today, wild-life experts believe that duck potential is reduced considerably by their swallowing of lead pellets which cover much of the bottom of many swamps and ponds. Many birds are poisoned or possibly rendered sterile in this way. Thus, ducklings are put on a lead diet in order to determine the percentage of birds affected by it, and possible methods of overcoming this malady.

During the summer season at Delta between 80 and 150 ducks a day are caught for banding. They are examined under a microscope to discover whether they are carrying shot, often an index of the hunting pressure of the previous season. From these experiments it has been established that one out of every three birds on the wing already contains lead.

Another test made is that which enables biologists to study the brood activities of waterfowl, and to estimate the survival percentage of a batch of ducklings. This is carried out by inoculating the eggs with dye several days previous to hatching date. When the ducklings hatch each one is sporting a coat of bright red down. The birds remain this colour so long as they retain their down—a matter of five to seven weeks. As their mature feathers grow into place the down is discarded and the period of observation ends.

Aside from these experiments, scientists are trying to repopulate the marsh with Canada geese. At one time Delta was a favorite haunt of the famed Canada goose but as the popularity of the marshes increased with hunting, the geese were forced to establish nesting grounds farther north, forsaking Delta almost completely. Now however, this wary critic of the migratory bird world is gradually being persuaded to return to its former breeding place.



Brood of young Canada geese.



Dawn over the Delta Marsh

Biologists working at Delta further aid in conserving wild life by formulating data used to determine the hunting seasons and limits for game birds. The Delta marshes often referred to as the "cross roads of the duck world" are on the Mississippi flyway, and representatives of fish and wild life services drop in there to collect information which they pass on to officials connected with the Migratory Birds Convention Act. This is really an international treaty between Canada and the U.S.A. under which terms the two countries agree to co-operate in the conservation of waterfowl and other migratory birds as well as in the regulations of hunting. All information on the waterfowl situation gathered by American or Canadian agents is pooled and from this the shooting seasons and bag limits are set, thus enabling the hunter to return home replete with the spoils of a day, yet protecting the birds at the same time.

In today's unassisted world it is tremendously encouraging to discover such a lively and significant example of constructive co-operation as the Delta Research Station—a place where Americans and Canadians work together on problems of conservation and preservation of all species of wildlife, placing particular emphasis on the waterfowl family.



PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

AMONG the many distinguished facts about the town of Portage la Prairie, two alone are likely to impress the visitor most. It is one of the scrubliest settlements in the west, and it has never had a crop failure.

Portage la Prairie's history goes back as far as 1738, when the courageous explorer La Verendrye descended the Assiniboine on his course westward and established Fort la Reine, close to the present location of the town. Recent research indicates that Fort la Reine was probably first located near to where Poplar Point now stands, but was moved the following season to the site of Portage la Prairie, this new position being more directly in line with the Indian fur-trade routes running from the south, via Lake Manitoba, to the northern outlets. Later the road through Portage la Prairie was travelled extensively by Red River cart brigades, squeaking harshly back and forth, delivering provisions or going to the buffalo round-ups. The derivation of the name Portage la Prairie comes from the portages made from Fort de la Reine to Lac des Prairies (Lake Manitoba), 15 miles north of the town.

Portage la Prairie today has a clean, modern appearance. A thriving industrial town of almost 8,000 situated in the centre of the finest grain and dairy area of the province, it is linked by railroads and highways with all sections of the Dominion. Eleven churches, several fine hotels, banks, stores and many well established industries comprise the town. There are plenty of facilities for community recreation, including the celebrated Little Island Park.

People come from all over to visit the delightful Bird Sanctuary on Island Park. Of course, the Honker, or the Canada Goose is so often called, is one of the main attractions of this watery haven. Aristocrat of the migratory bird world, this wise and wary goose is known and respected by hunters everywhere. Here, at Island Park, you may observe a large flock of them. As you approach they will raise black heads on long necks to examine you, give a couple of warning honks to the rest of the flock, then parade sedately off in the direction of the water. With a bit of grain and patient coaxing you may be able to persuade the geese down the bank and into the nearby stream where you can photograph them.

They should really be quite accustomed to posing for they have hundreds of visitors during the summer. Twenty years ago, recognizing the vicinity to be one of the best waterfowl breeding areas on the continent, the world famous naturalist Jack Miner sent four Canada geese to Portage la Prairie. Farmers in the district heard of this and brought injured geese to the Bird Sanctuary during the hunting season. They were cared for by quardians and soon learned that at Island Park they were perfectly safe. The little flock of four expanded each year until now there are hundreds of Canada geese at Portage.

The Blue goose is another type of waterfowl which has been persuaded to feel at home at Island Park. This bird is a little smaller than the Canada goose. It is unusual in that its feathers are of a cloudy blue-grey and

outside of the Arctic. Island Park at Portage is the only known breeding place of this goose in Canada.

But geese are not the only birds here. There is a flock of wild ducks which seems to be forever flying off and returning. Mallards, Teal, Canvasbacks and Redheads. And on the other side of the duck pond is a picturesque lake in miniature where the swans float reflected, adding to the beauty of the place.

There are deer in the park too, moving leisurely through the sunlight and shadow of their large wooded enclosure. Then there is an ornamental garden, a nursery and large attractively shaded picnic grounds, and row boats for hire at the dock on Little Crescent Lake. In fact, Island Park of Portage la Prairie is one of the prettiest and most interesting small rural parks in Manitoba.



Island Park, Portage.

MANITOBA ROUND-UP



UNDER a brilliant prairie sky ten thousand acres of rolling sage-clad grasslands, wooded valleys and clear, cool, streams combine to make the answer to any cowboy's dream in a little known district just a few miles south of Corberry on the province's No. 1 Highway.

Here, amid the verdant, spruce-topped hillocks, where once spread a land of barrens and dunes, lies one of Manitoba's premier cattle ranches—the Lazy S 7.

The Lazy S is all one would expect a real ranch to be with a bit more added. It has its true-to-type pictureque drive from the main highway—ten miles of sandy track up hill and down dale, dotted with the ubiquitous sage brush, trade mark of North American cattle country—the traditional rustic entry gate, rough-cut log paddocks and corrals, lofty barns, cookhouse bell and well-planned stables—and of course, vigorous looking cattle by the hundreds.

"Bare," the ranch hands will tell you, just in case you have any doubts about the ranching possibilities of the province. "Manitoba is fine cattle country—they get plenty of grazing in the summer and they winter well on

buffalo grass and fatten up on our own special brand of home-grown feed."

The home-grown feed they boast about is in the main corn. Acres and acres of it are grown right on the ranch and every fall it's harvested, ground into small pieces and stacked into dozens of 100-ton, loaf-shaped piles where it ages and mellows to be sliced off for a succulent meal for the ranch's prize cattle during the winter months. The cattle spend the winter months outdoors and suffer very few ill effects. The men, on the other hand, continue with their snow-restricted chores around the ranch and also do a certain amount of concentration on their own feed, according to accounts.

Round-up time on this Manitoba ranch is later in the year than is usual with other ranches. The area is so thick with trees and underbrush that the boys have to wait until the late autumn months clear the leaves so that the cattle can be found.

And what a job that can be! Sometimes it takes more than a week to round up the cattle on this man-sized western ranch.

Apart from its beef cattle, the ranch is famous for the champion race-horses it breeds, raises and trains. Race tracks all over the continent have seen these horses set the pace and crack many a record.

No one man can make a ranch on his own—but the Lazy S 7 manager "Duke" Campbell, who's every bit as picturesque as his name, could lay fair claim to doing just that. He's a cowhand from way back, born and bred on Canada's western prairies, learning the hard way until today he can answer any question thrown at him about farming, cattle, horses, racing and ranching. Intensely proud of the ranch, he'll chat by the hour about what's been done, what's going to be done, and what should be done to make the ranch even better.

He'll tell you about the 30 mile fence, about the ranch's full-sized race track, about his horses, about the corn feed, about the branding of cattle and anything else you would want to know.

A little empire all on its own is the Lazy S. Submitted as it is in country that would be the envy of the Texas or Montana ranchman, the men there wouldn't thank you for any other job in the world. "It's got everything," they say, and they really mean it.

And perhaps many a city-bred office worker has felt the same way after seeing the hustle and bustle of the tall round-up, with busy smoke reaching up to the clear blue sky, the shouts and cries of the riders, the thundering hoof-beats and lowing of the cattle making music that carries miles and miles across the crisp prairie air—right into the heart of every westerner.



Throwing a "loop" of round-up



"Trailing" to shipping point.

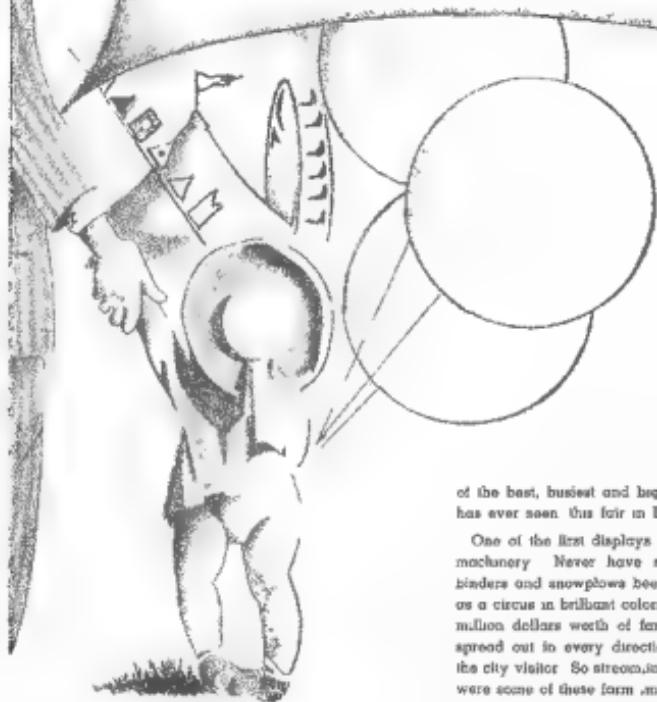


Toronto's champion



Cattle et soi Bok

Provincial Fair



of the best, busiest and biggest provincial fairs Canada has ever seen. This fair in Brandon

One of the first displays to catch the eye is the farm machinery. Never have so many tractors, threshers, binders and snowplows been seen together. All as gay as a circus in brilliant colors of red, yellow and green, a million dollars worth of farm machinery—an acre of it spread out in every direction looks fascinating even to the city visitor. So streamlined and modestly upholstered were some of these farm implements that calculators were prepared to see one or two of the tractors sporting a radio.

The livestock show is one of the largest and finest ever presented in the west, and farmers of the province talk about it far into the winter. They take special pride in the fact that they raised the cattle themselves, for with few exceptions the top quality livestock shown at this fair—the Herefords, Ayrshires, Shorthorns, Holsteins and Angus—come from Manitoba farms. Selectors for entries to the Toronto Royal Winter Fair are always on hand at this gala provincial show for it is from this fair that many exhibits for the "Royal" are selected.

Something seems to attract everybody to a real country fair. Prize pigs, poultry, pickles, the baby contest, streamlined farm machinery, ion dancers and even the fat family—all go to make the atmosphere as heady as the wildest tales of the old West.

Crowds push their way down the midway surrounding the million-dollar display of farm implements and sprawl over the grandstand to watch the sulky races. It is one

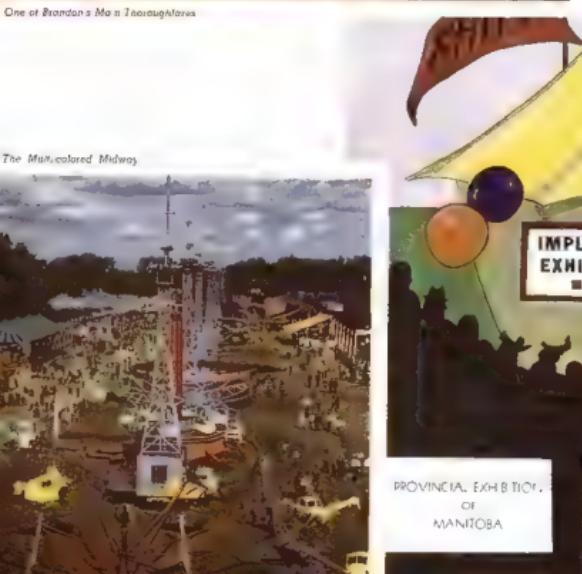
With coats shining in the sun and manes and tails laced and tied with colored ribbons for the occasion are the horses—real stalwarts, inspiring speculation and admiration. Brought out in turn before the judges, they are put through their paces of walking, cantering and running. It is really rather an unusual sight for today horses are almost a part of the past history of the West, no longer figuring in the world of transportation.



One of Brandon's Main Thoroughfares



A Winning Cyclopedia Team



The Multi-colored Midway



A Million Dollars worth of Farm Machinery



A last glimpse

Speaking of transportation—in the old days a special guest had to come to the Fair by on-cart. But things have changed considerably since then, and distinguished guests to this Provincial Fair were descending directly from the heavens, delivered with a royal twirl and flourish by helicopter.

There is a vast variety of entries—home cooking and wearing apparel, knitting, crocheting, petit-point, art work from the schools make an interesting exhibition. Then there were many wonderful round cheeses, vegetables, flowers and honey! There were all kinds of Manitoba honey, looking like golden quince and tasting like sweet ambrosia, early morning dew filtered with sunlight.

On Junior Farmers' Day, 500 tonnes youths were guests of the Fair and Calf Club members after their competition auctioned their sleek prize winning stock. It was wonderful weather and a bumper crowd of almost 30,000 thronged the Fair grounds. It was the day of the Livestock parade which was, of course, the real highlight of the Fair. With proud flourish the Brandon pipe band led the champions in a solemn procession several miles long. There were light harness horses, saddle horses and ponies, heavy teams led by four six-horse tandem hitches with every piece of leather and metal in the harness shining brilliantly.

Next the grand champion stallions in Clydesdale, Percheron and Belgian classes, then the cattle—Angus, Shorthorns, Herefords, Red Polls, Holsteins, Jerseys, Ayrshires, followed by the entries in the Boys' and Girls Club. It was a wonderful sight, an inspiring one, and the audience, 7,000 of them crammed the grandstand swelled with pride as the magnificent beasts moved past. Show Window of Manitoba, indeed! The livestock parade created the most exciting hours of the whole week.

All this and good weather, too, is what goes to make Manitoba's Provincial Fair held at Brandon every year such a flourishing success, an annual event which promotes efficiency and quality as well as production in the realm of agriculture. And not only do the people flock in from the four corners of the province, they come from south of the border and other provinces, too, for Manitoba is famed for its fairs—scores of them are held every year in every township and country centre—in Killarney, Souris, Portage, Treherne, Manitoba, and a dozen other points.

Some leave the fairs a little wiser and a little poorer, some leave enriched and bursting with knowledge, all leave satisfied and contented and ready to return again next year.



FORESTS FOR THE FUTURE

UNKNOWN to many visitors and natives alike, one of Manitoba's oldest and most interesting forest reserves lies in the very heart of its prairie-land, developed, in fact, on what used to be nothing but the naked, undulating sand dunes of a young desert.

Located about 110 miles west of Winnipeg, the Spruce Woods Forest Reserve is just south of No. 1 Highway. Created into a forest reserve in 1895 it consists of 225 square miles of rolling, grass-covered plains and north-topped sand dunes, with an occasional creek or small lake for variety. Here, as far as the eye can see, stretches acre upon acre of spruce trees— in every stage of growth.

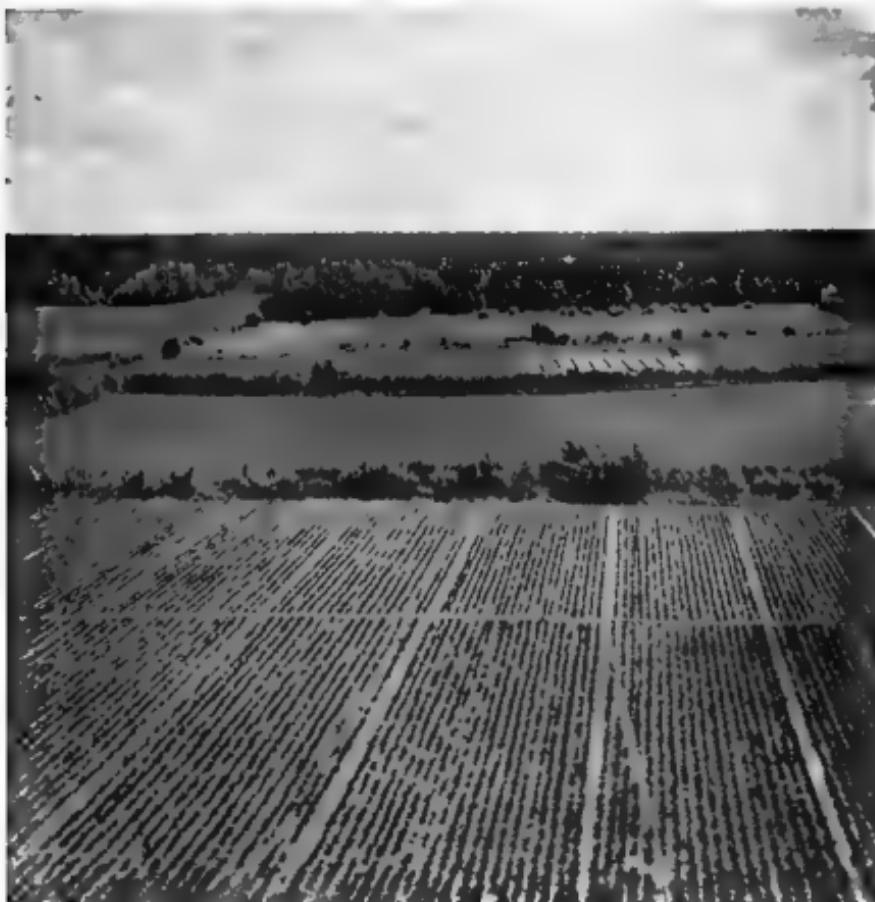
The most interesting and important feature of the Spruce Woods Forest Reserve is the Shilo Nursery and Plantations. Each year early in October the Manitoba Forest Service collects large numbers of pine cones from the various stands of coniferous trees in the Forest Reserves throughout the province. These cones, mainly Scotch and Jack pine, are shipped to the seed extracting plant at Marchand near the Sandilands Forest Reserve and there, by special process, are heated and dried and the seeds extracted. The seeds are then sent out to the Spruce Woods Forest Nursery at Shilo where they are hand sown in specially prepared seed beds early the next spring.

After spending two years in the seed beds, the seedlings are transplanted into rows in the nursery, to be transplanted once again in two years time. In the past both these operations were done by hand. But now a streamlined transplanting machine has been introduced and found to be so successful that the method will always be employed in the future. It has proved to be quite as efficient as the old method, and the cost of transplanting is cut considerably. And when it is a case of transplanting half-a-million trees, cost and time are important items.

A little pine seed demands a lot of care. From the moment it is placed in the ground until it germinates two weeks later, it needs watching and attention. Moist weather is most favorable at this time. Later, as young seedlings, a good deal of attention is still necessary. On hot, sunny days lath coverings, similar to that used in

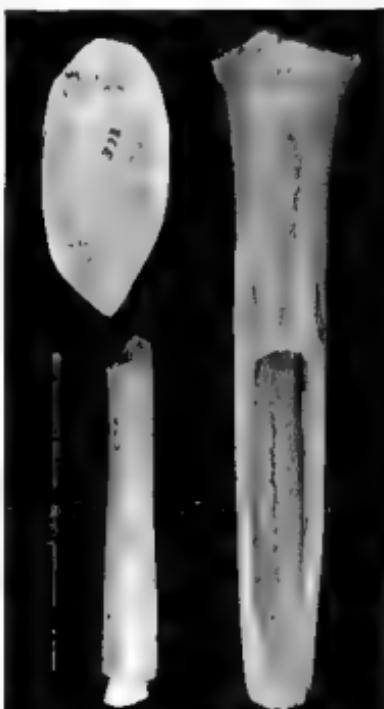
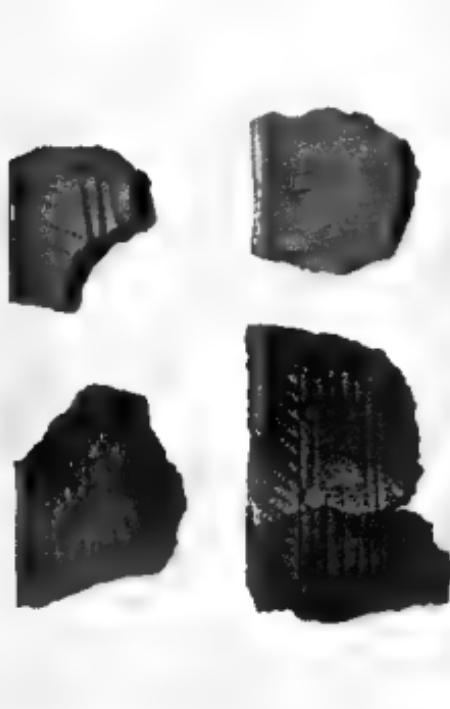
snow fences, are thrown over them. Besides protecting the tender young seedlings from the heat of summer sun it also protects them from vagrant winds. During cool, cloudy weather the covering is removed so that the air may circulate about the small plants since they are apt to die if exposed to too much moisture at this period.

When the spruce seedlings have spent two years in the seed beds at Shilo, they are next transferred to the transplant plots where they have more room to stretch, and can seriously settle down to developing a root system. After spending two years here they are then old enough to be transferred to permanent plantations dotted throughout the province, where, if unmolested by insects and fires, they grow and flourish adding cool, dark splendor to Manitoba's countryside and later, lumber to her many industrial interests.



Acre of young sprucelings—our forests of the future

A PAGE FROM THE PAST



Left—Rim shreds of large cooking pots from the Avery Site, Rock Lake. Right—Bone and shell tools used by the Mound Building Indians who occupied the Avery Site at Rock Lake.

WHEN the white man first came to Southwestern Manitoba he found the land occupied by nomadic, bison-hunting, Assiniboin Indians. In early years they acted as guides for La Verendrye in his overland journey to the Mandan villages on the Missouri River in 1736, and later traded with the fur traders of the Pine Fort from 1768 to 1793, and at Brandon House and other forts near the mouth of the Souris River.

During the century or centuries before the coming of the white man, southwestern Manitoba was the home of mound-building Indians. There is evidence that at least four different cultural groups of these mound-builders were early citizens of our southwest. These people made pottery, perhaps tried horticulture, and buried some of their dead in earthen mounds.

The largest group of burial mounds in Manitoba is located at the junction of the Antler Creek with the Souris River, south of the town of Melita. A second large group is scattered along the north shore of Rock Lake. Others are located near Brandon, Morden, Dauphin, Pilot Mound and Hilton. An extensive village site of two of these mound-building cultures was located where the Avery Hotel now stands on the shore of Rock Lake, just a few miles north of the U.S. boundary.

The photographs of Indian tools and weapons presented here form part of the extensive archaeological collections of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba. This collection may be examined by the public in the home of Chris Vickers, the Society's archaeologist, at Balfour, Manitoba.



WHEAT CITY

BRANDON, the Wheat City—the Agricultural Capital of the province, as it is often called—is Manitoba's second largest city. To the visitor it presents a particularly attractive scene when it is approached from either the north or east. A friendly, industrious-looking town, it settles against the expansive, fertile valley of the Assiniboine, with picturesque hills on either side.

Some of the finest wheat and cattle produced anywhere in the world come from the rich, rural areas surrounding this city. And it is quite natural for Brandon to sponsor the Provincial Exhibition each summer and the Livestock Fair during the winter. Natural, too, that Herefords, Ayrshires and Red Polls raised on this expanse, rolling prairie land should walk off with coveted prizes at the Royal Winter Fair and other fairs.

Strategically located, Brandon straddles the two main highways, Number 10 and Number 1. The latter is important since it is part of the highway spanning Canada from east to west, while highway Number 10 leads south to the border and north to one of Manitoba's most lovely and popular holiday haunts, Riding Mountain National Park. From there it continues north into land renowned for mining and pulp industries, and for the exciting opportunities it offers the fishing and hunting enthusiasts.

Busy centre of agriculture and industry, Manitoba's second city is well situated as a distributing point for central, south-western and mid-northern Manitoba besides the south-western section of Saskatchewan. Extremely well served by rail and air as well as by road with lines of both the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway running through the city, it also boasts a fine expansive airport which services planes on the main Trans-Canada Airlines. There are a number of large industries in Brandon and it looks forward to an even greater industrial expansion.

Founded in 1882, Brandon has developed steadily until it now has a population of just over 21,000. It supports a college of its own, affiliated with the University of Manitoba; a large Indian Residential School, an excellent Dominion Experimental Farm extending over almost 1,000 acres, and a good-sized provincial mental institution. Shopping centre of southwestern Manitoba, Brandon operates a score of smart modern stores, half a dozen banks, and several outstanding manufacturing firms.

Brandon citizens have a real enthusiasm for all sports activities. In addition to several parks, golf courses and the exhibition grounds, there is the recently built Kinsmen Memorial Stadium, reputed to be the finest park of its type in Western Canada and fully equipped with facilities necessary for every type of sport. Besides the Memorial Stadium there is the Arena, complete with artificial ice installations, catering to winter sports activities, including bonspiels, the annual ice show and Winter Fair as well as being the home of the famed Brandon "Wheat Kings" junior hockey team.

A friendly tone of business and progressiveness pervades Brandon, a recognition of the fact that the residents of this town are proud of it and determined to make it an outstanding Canadian city, convinced of its future in the West.



Post office.



Street scene.



CASTLE OF THE AIR

How often we forget all this, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal threes,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence.

—Byron.

TOWERING majestically and abruptly into the sky from slowly, ever undulating prairies in the heart of Manitoba's western farmlands, Riding Mountain National Park offers a breathtaking sight to the highway traveller.

From the detachment of its high escarpment, thousands of feet above sea level, this nature's castle in the air stretches greenly and generously over hundreds of square miles, containing in its bounds heavily timbered uplands and mossy valleys where lie shimmering lakes and brilliant streams and rivers, peopled by wild creatures who gambol and browse happily within the sanctuary of this land-locked harbour of peace and contentment.

Thousands of years ago this area lay in the path of a great glacier. This mass of ice pushed and pulled, crushed, shaped and reshaped until on it rolled away it left behind it a masterpiece of magnificent landscape, now one of the two leading national parks in Canada.

Capital town of this earthly paradise is Wusagominig, an Indian name meaning "Clear Water" — for here at the foot of the very town is the most famous of all its

myriad lakes — gem-like Clear Lake, nestling in the midst of tall and serene evergreens, a modern refuge for thousands and tens of thousands of vacationers every year.

From the ridges of the park the traveller can see for unending miles the sky-to-sky prairies, and the scattered, prosperous farmlands in this rich and verdant land that is Manitoba. Years back, painted Indians watched from these same ridges, waiting for the roaming herds of buffalo and elk, or for the marching bands of trespassing enemy tribesmen. For this area was in those days, and still is today, renowned as a great congregating place for all manner of wild game. A happy hunting ground it was to the adventurous Cree and Assiniboine as they hunted and fished between warring clashes with the Blackfeet from the west.

To this day, Riding Mountain is famed for its wild game sanctuary. Within its boundaries lives one of the greatest elk herds in the Dominion, while off every high way, track and Indian trail, both big and small game walk with proud and fearless step. Towards dusk, the antlered elk and the white-tailed deer don from their bounts in the sheltering depths of spruce and brushwood, the moose is found standing belly deep in one of the lakes, and a burly bear ambles across a clearing. Here is nature, here is abundant wild life to delight the heart of any naturalist or photographer.

Situated but a few miles north of Brandon and within 125 miles of the International boundary, the Park is crammed with recreational pleasures suitable to the taste of every holiday seeker, and on many types of accommodation. Attractive hotels, lodges and rugged log cabins, modestly equipped, are scattered throughout the district surrounding Wasagaming. For the visitor who enjoys setting up his own camp in the wilds, the campsite is ideally situated in a lovely setting of cool-wide-spreading pines, where facilities of every type are available.

Come to Riding Mountain and enjoy a succession of warm, sun-filled, pleasurable days, glorious sunsets, cool refreshing nights. Days where you may float idly across the glistening surface of Clear Lake, where you may idle in a sail boat, or skim swiftly across its rippling waters, dive and swim, if this is your choice, then loll in the sun on the lake's wide, inviting beaches.

At Riding Mountain you may cast a fishing line into the depths of Lakes Audi, Moon and Whirlpool, as well as Clear Lake. If you are one of those who enjoy the thrill and exercise of riding, saddle horses are available and many lovely trails meander through the peace and shade of delightful scenic stretches. Cycling, hiking, golfing, tennis and an outdoor roller skating rink provide further variety in the realm of recreation.

Visit Riding Mountain National Park and see for yourself the beauty, the wild life, the holiday sports, the vacation paradise offered you in a magnificent setting.



An English garden.



Wasagaming Beach Clear Lake.



Bogey Creek and Wishing Well

EVERYMAN'S EDEN



ONE of the most popular places in southwestern Manitoba among tourists is the Dominion Experimental Station at Morden, a town some 90 miles from Winnipeg. Spreading over some 600 acres this beauty spot has become a mecca for homemakers and gardeners alike.

Throughout the summer months large numbers of visitors from the province and the United States drop in to look around and make inquiries relating to agriculture and horticulture. The queries are understandable for the grounds and gardens of the Experimental Station excel in producing every variety of fruit, vegetable, shrub and flower imaginable, making it well-worth visiting any time during the warm weather seasons.

Years ago the Indians and traders who roamed this countryside lived on the wild turnip and fresh plums, blueberries and other fruits plucked from the branches of wild trees and shrubs flourishing in the verdant area. Occasionally they even introduced a certain richness of flavor into their buffalo pemmican by pounding in dried salmonberries and other seasonable fruits. When the settlers came they cultivated their little plots which within the years expanded and developed until now this area

is famous for its abundant grain fields and every citizen has either his section of wheat or his little backyard garden plot.

The main concern of the Experimental Station at Morden is to encourage the farmer and city dweller alike to make the most use of the land he lives on, and continuous research is carried on in cross pollination and selective growing of vegetables, fruits and flowers with this end in view. Particular emphasis is placed on the development of strains which can be adopted to the climate of the western prairies.

More than 135 acres at Morden are devoted to fruit growing. Hardy young apple trees flourish along with grapes, plums, Manchu cherries, crabapples, and even such delicate fruits as apricots, pears and dessert apples thrive there.

But the Station is most practical in that it not only develops new strains and varieties of fruits and vegetables suited to the western prairies, but also discovers the best way of keeping these through long winters. In fact, one of the most important things this station is concerned with is the preservation of fruits and vegetables by quick freezing.

During the past 10 years great advances have been made in this field both in Canada and the United States. Equipped with one of the most modern laboratories in the country and with facilities for quick freezing, the station at Morden, putting emphasis on the word "experimental", has recently been responsible for some very interesting research in the freezing preservation of fruits and vegetables. This information will be available for providing a solid foundation for the use of frozen foods on the prairies. Eight years ago practically no locker plants existed in the prairie provinces, and today there are 300 or more. The growth by no means ended, has brought an up-to-date method of food preservation to 100,000 prairie homes.

The grounds and gardens of the Dominion Experimental Station spread graciously and generously in all directions, with magnificent blue spruce trees dominating the scene. There are a dozen varieties of evergreen trees, and at least 30 different types of ornamental shrubs to be seen at Morden, along with proving plots of dozens of kinds of wheat, barley, oats, flax and corn. Some very fine cattle and poultry are also raised on the estate. This beautiful section of Morden belongs to all who live in Canada and visitors are welcome any time.



Farm buildings at Morden.



Cultivation perfection.

JOY FOREVER

ROSES from Siberia, lilies from Manchuria, cherries from Mongolia and poplars from the Himalayas . . . all these exotic plants and more are to be found in Manitoba's famed Dropmore Nursery — truly an international garden of beauty and one which will be "a joy forever . . ."

Through the keen foresight, interest and patience of Frank Skinner, this nursery has developed over the years from the small interest of a hobbyist into one of the country's foremost plantations.

Seeds and plants from every corner of the earth are cultivated at Dropmore and from this amazingly versatile area of 80 acres come the hybrids of these oriental plants particularly suited to the long winters of our western prairies.

Coming to Canada from Scotland as a lad in 1885 young Frank Skinner soon proved he had a green thumb. At five he was planting geraniums, and pulling them up regularly each day to see how fast they were growing. But it's a long step from the common window-all geranium to Clematis—Blue Boy, Lilium X Maxwill, and Lilac Dillibata, which now flourish so admirably in American and Canadian gardens through the labours of this immigrant Scot. Working with hybrids for more than half a century, acclimatizing unfamiliar flowers, shrubs and plants from all parts of Asia, Europe and points south of the border to the more vigorous temperature of the Canadian prairies, Mr. Skinner has succeeded well, winning the admiration of horticulture enthusiasts the world over.

When Frank Skinner first came to Manitoba there was little horticultural development on the prairies outside of the experimental farms at Brandon and Indian Head. No one had thought of transplanting foreign plants suitable to our climate. So, realizing the possibilities this field offered, he commenced experimenting with plants and seeds from faraway lands, aiming to produce hybrid varieties which would survive our Canadian winters. As his work became known, requests came to him to acclimatize not only suitable plants but also fruits and trees. In his travels around the world, Mr. Skinner gathered the very seeds, especially from Russia and China, which people said could never be grown on the prairies and proved his doubters wrong.

Established on the western slope of Riding Mountain, the nursery flourishes behind an impressive barricade of evergreens and shrubbery, while under experienced and capable hands the nursery plants are guided into profitable beauty to be shipped to every corner of the world.

As a result of his work on plant life, Frank Skinner has received many honors, among them the coveted Cory Cup awarded by the Royal Horticultural Society for his Lilium X Maxwill; the M.B.E. and an honorary LL.D. from the University of Manitoba.

Lilies are his specialty and of the many colourful varieties developed by him, more than twenty are

nationally known and seven of these have received international honors; while his Syringa Dillibata, a hardy lilac, is outstanding amongst all other varieties in American and Canadian gardens. He has also developed a number of hardy chrysanthemums which flower early enough for western Canada and a mockorange hybrid from Asia which blooms in northern Canada without protection. A single flowered Prunus Triloba, sometimes called the Chinese Rose of Heaven, has been acclimatized to this country along with iris, peacock, chrysanthemums; some beautiful, stalwart varieties of roses . . . renowned among them are Dr. Merkeley and Wasogamung . . . and numerous strains of plums, pears, cherries and other fruits offering lovely springtime bloom.

But Mr. Skinner doesn't stop with flowers and fruits. One of the best collections of larches in the Dominion thrives at Dropmore, along with pine, spruce, a number of willow and poplar hybrids. He is particularly interested in discovering a variety of poplar which will grow easily, be rich in cellulose and disease resistant. He's been working on this little project for five years and hopes to have the tree of his dreams in another ten years. Needless to say foresters will welcome this hybrid poplar.



One of Dropmore's flowers.



INTERNATIONAL PEACE GARDEN

THIS renowned spot is situated about 15 miles south of the town of Boisbriand on No. 10 highway. It cuts through the Turtle Mountain Forest Reserve into an area of lovely, rolling wooded parkland, which offers protection to a variety of wild life, including upland game, ducks and deer.

The International Peace Garden itself flourishes very much as nature created it. It is composed of some 2,200 acres, 889 of which are American and 1,312 Canadian, all of which straddle the International boundary line.

A certain amount of landscape gardening has been introduced which has added to the attractiveness of this

celebrated territory. A good road winds throughout the woodland, skirting several pretty little lakes. On the American side of the line a large rustic lodge as well as a number of tourist cabins and picnic grounds offer accommodation for conventions and visitors.

A cairn built from stones gathered on both sides of the border is placed exactly outside the International border. Printed on the plaque decorating this cairn are the words "To God in His Glory we two nations dedicate this garden and pledge ourselves that as long as men shall live we will not take up arms against one another". . . . A dedication both nations proudly uphold.



